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BOTH AFRAID OF IT.

MARTINE (*leaving*).—Don't touch it, John; it's chock full of dynamite, and it may blow us all to pieces!



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IT IS OUR unpleasant duty to call public attention to the fact that Mr. Randolph B. Martine has ascended to the bench from the District Attorney's office leaving behind him a duty unfulfilled. This paper goes to so many readers who may be unfamiliar with what are called the "local politics" of New York that it may not be out of place to give some explanation of this statement, thoroughly as it may be understood by those who have read the New York papers.

Mr. Martine was elected District Attorney in 1884. His election was distinctly a choice of the fittest man for the place. He had one worthy and one unworthy competitor. He was elected because the most respectable of the voters took him to be the best man in the field. He was not brilliant, as a man or as a lawyer; but he was supposed to be capable and honest. Since his election, he has done good work, in sending to Sing Sing several of the dishonest aldermen who were bribed by the Broadway Railroad Company. He has also procured the conviction of Jacob Sharp, the principal bribe-giver. It has been said that the work in these cases was done mainly by Mr. Delancey Nicoll and other assistants of Mr. Martine; but with such rumors we may not concern ourselves. Mr. Martine was the head of the office; his assistants acted under his instructions: the fair inference is that the work was done as he planned it; and to him is due the credit of success. If this credit really belongs to others, their claims should be fairly proven.

So far, so good. In November last, Mr. Martine was elected a judge of the Court of General Sessions. He received this position at the hands of the people simply and solely because the people believed that he had been a good District Attorney, and would make a good judge. At the time, our opinion was that of the people. If it has changed since, then, Mr. Martine is alone to blame. The facts in the case may be briefly stated.

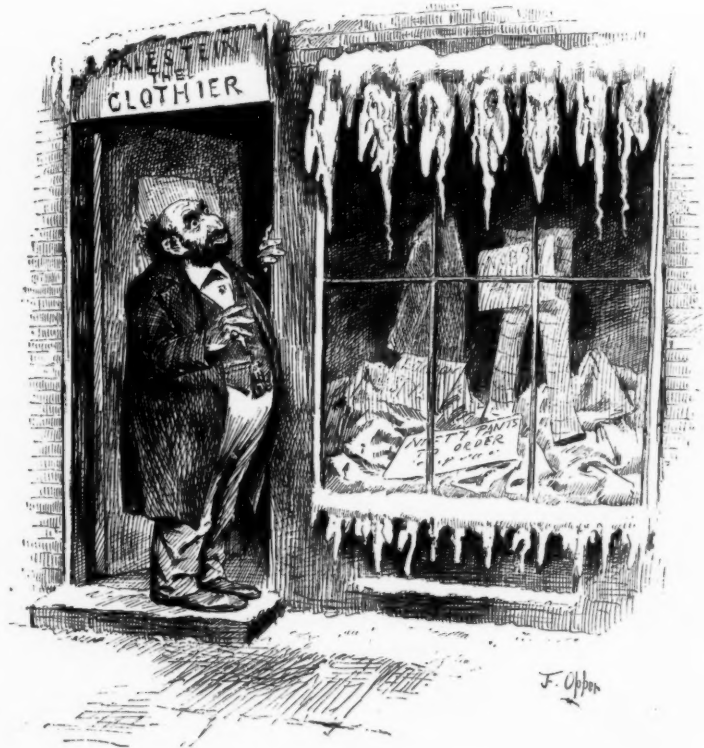
It has long been notorious that there is much foul play in New York elections. "Trading," "knifing" and open buying of votes are common, and commonly spoken of. Unfortunately, it has not always been possible to prove that these iniquities existed—that is, to offer legal proof of their existence. The New York Reform Club, a thoroughly worthy association of good and public-spirited citizens, undertook, last November, the task of procuring such evidence. The Club employed detectives; and, for a test case, had one Assembly District, the Eighth, carefully covered. The reports made by the detectives were startling. They were beyond all ordinary expectation. They showed that in this district the system of popular voting had been turned into a farce. Respectable men, according to these accounts, were driven from the polls; weak men were intimidated; "tramps" and "bums" were employed to vote on other men's names; votes were bought outright; and the police aided and abetted the perpetrators of these crimes. This is the statement of the detectives, which has been recorded by the Reform Club, and submitted to various New York journals.

It is possible, of course, that these detectives have lied. It is eminently improbable. We have every reason to believe that the Reform Club selected its men with a view to procuring trustworthy evidence. And certainly, the affidavits of these men make out a *prima facie* case which certainly should be submitted to the Grand Jury. That they should be so submitted, they were put into Mr. Martine's hands by the Reform Club. Mr. Martine has taken no action in the matter. He told the representatives of the Club that he would assign one of his assistants to examine the case. The assistant whom he designated has never, according to his own statement, known anything of the business. The letters sent by the Club, urging Mr. Martine to bring the matter before the Grand Jury, are, at the time of this writing, unanswered and unacknowledged. And Mr. Martine is now a judge of the Court of General Sessions.

Why have these papers not gone before the Grand Jury? We can find only one answer, and we find it with deep regret—because Mr. Martine does not want the Grand Jury to see them. This is an assertion not to be made lightly or thoughtlessly; but Mr. Martine's inaction leaves us no choice but to make it. He knows perfectly well that the men who bring these charges of corruption are honest, reputable, responsible men. He knows that they believe that what they say is true. He knows that they have reason for their belief. He knows that if it is true, it shows that an outrageous crime has been committed against the people; he knows also that this crime should be investigated by the law; and that the criminals should be punished. And yet he does nothing; he does not even answer the letters that demand of him the performance of a plain duty. He turns to the judge's bench with that duty unfulfilled, and left to a successor who is even less likely to perform it.

We do not make use of an empty phrase when we say that we are sorry to speak thus of Mr. Martine. He is a man who has many claims on our regard and respect. It is a disappointment to us to find him standing between justice and the criminal, and refusing to do his duty by the people who have been robbed of their right of suffrage. It is a disappointment, because we had expected better things of Mr. Martine. We do not think that he can clear his skirts of this stain. There is but one interpretation to be found for his unwillingness to bring to trial the men accused of election frauds—and what an interpretation it is! Are we to think that Mr. Martine can not afford to prosecute the scoundrels who bullied decent voters and bribed repeaters in the Eighth Assembly District? As far as the facts can help us, it seems that this is just what we are to think—that "politics" have bound them together too closely.

Whoever you may be who read this page, merchant, clerk, day-laborer, or whatever you may be, will you not give a few minutes to thinking whether you can afford to support a government, national, state or municipal, where judicial protection may possibly be given to partisan dishonesty? You cry out against the enormous national surplus; you complain of the high prices caused by our marvelous tariff; you say that our municipal taxes are altogether too high—as they are. But if you let such delinquencies as this we have described pass unrebuked, what can you expect? If you will not do what in you lies to right such wrongs, can you expect that the ignorant and the prejudiced will do for you what you ought to do for yourselves? Here is evidence brought before you that American voters are cheated and intimidated at the polls. Don't you think it would be worth your while to get public officials who would do your work as it should be done, and prevent or punish such outrages?



A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

MR. PALESTEIN.—Now I understand der reason vy dose dings are galled Isaacles!



LES MISÉRABLES.

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—Why, Jeannette, I thought you were still abroad!

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—I was until I sailed a fortnight ago.

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—What brought you home?

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—I really don't know.

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—There's absolutely nothing in New York.

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—There was nothing in London or Paris, and we spent last winter in the Riviera.

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—What is one to do?

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—I really don't know.

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—There are no new fashions in dinners or gowns.

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—I've been presented, and I've owned a Japanese spaniel at least a month.

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—And I had a white and gold room last season.

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—I brought home an Indian Ayah for the children.

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—Do you find her interesting?

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—Rather picturesque, you know! The children are afraid of her.

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—Are they, indeed?

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—Yes; I have a French *bonne* besides.

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—I had a Chinese page at Newport this summer.

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—Yes; did you bring him to New York?

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—Oh, no, indeed! why, I had him two months!

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—So long as that?

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—Yes; I suppose the children are well?

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—Oh, yes; I believe so, I saw them at dessert last night.

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—You know Fido died last summer?

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—How sad!

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—Yes; I had three doctors.

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—What was the trouble?

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—Some heart affection, I think. The doctors suggested he might have eaten something that disagreed with him.

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—Physicians are so unsympathetic. Why, Babette had an *attaque de nerfs* the other day, and Dr. Blunt called it fits.

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—So distressing!

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—Yes; I shall never employ him again.

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—We buried Fido on the ocean lawn.

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—My poor Arabella!

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—Yes; I sent lovely mourning cards to all his little dog friends.

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—How sweet!

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—They were very unique. We draped his basket in white; black seemed so sombre for the dear little fellow.

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—Of course!

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—And I had a fac-simile of his head cut in onyx for a seal, and used it in lavender wax on all my letters for a fortnight. Poor little Fido!

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—Oh, that was really touching!

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—It was all very interesting.

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—Oh, it must have been! If Babette should die I should use pale-blue wax; her skin is so pink the combination would be quite Frenchy!

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—Yes, indeed!

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—I think I must go now. Where do you show to-night?

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—I really don't know. My maid keeps my tablets to lay out the gowns.

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—Well, I shall be there, I presume.

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—Yes; it would be a boon not to be asked somewhere.

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—I'm positively desperate for a new emotion.

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—I think seriously of putting a marble-top table in my boudoir.

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—That would be startling. What can I do?

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—You might use gilt-edged visiting cards.

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—I believe I will. Fancy being actually harrowed!

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—I have not asked after Mr. Blasé.

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—He is *en voyage*; the steamer must be due now.

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—He did not come with you, then?

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—Oh, dear, no. We should have bored one another to death!

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—I know. I met Mr. Ennui out one night last week, and he proposed a trip to California by special car.

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—It would have been horribly tiresome.

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—Yes, indeed! I said: "Why, Harold, I should have to see you every day for a whole week!"

YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—Oh, it is all so very fatiguing!

Philip H. Welch.

THE HON. EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

Settles the Fisheries Question by Establishing a Mammoth Fish Factory.

“GREAT IS SCIENCE! I never fully realized how great Science could be till I became a *savant*. I am now a *savant*. You might not think it if you were to see me in the same old clothes; but you never can tell what a man is by his attire.

As a *savant*, I have been wrestling with the Fisheries question. A brother *savant* proposed to settle it in this way. He spoke thus:

“Look at the map, and just see where the natural boundary between the United States and Canada runs—the River and Gulf of the St. Lawrence—and then see where British greed and overreaching gall have placed it.”

“You mean,” said I, “that the whole fishing water should be on American ground—but it won’t do—it won’t work. The English never let go of anything they get their hands on, without a struggle. No; I have a better plan than that. What the American people want is *fish*—not territory nor war; but just plain fish—and it is only necessary to find some method of supplying this long-felt want, and the vexed question is settled.”

“Well—”

“Now, fish is a natural product; but science can find a way to make it an artificial one. Since I became a *savant*, I have been giving my serious attention to this matter, and I can demonstrate to you that artificial fish can be made that will be far superior to the natural, and so close an imitation of the genuine that no one but an expert could detect the difference.”

“Then, how *superior*?”

“In this way: At present there are several grades of mackerel—Nos. 1, 2, 3, etc., according to the natural fatness of the fish. In the artificial there will be but one grade—all No. 1; because nothing can be gained by making an inferior quality. So of codfish. At present it is customary to take other kinds of fish, and dress and cure them, and palm them off for genuine cod. In the manufactured cod there will be no necessity for resort to such subterfuge, as the imitation will be a perfect counterfeit of the genuine cod, and not of any inferior kind of fish.

“At present we can only have shad in its season; and some of it is of the kind that brings regret after being eaten; but our genuine imitation of real shad can be had at all seasons, is full of succulent succulency, keeps fresh for years, and can be furnished at a price that will make shad a delicacy for the poorest family and a rarity for all mankind.



LOW-DOWN SARCASM.

TRAVELER.—How fur’s de nex’ town?

RESIDENT.—’bout four mile, I reck’n.

TRAVELER’S COMPANION (*speaking somewhat thickly*).—Say, yo’, Clawd. Ast him ‘f yain’t ‘r road whar dey’s a little mo’ shade ont’ it. ‘Spects yo’ wanter git sarnstruck!



TOBOGGANING IN THE LOTS.

MR. PATRICK EDGARDO QUINLAN.—Shtop yure shovin’ an’ shquirmen’, Phelim! It’s all I kin do ter kape me bhrace an’ th’ wash-board!

“I may say that I have fully perfected my invention—have established my factory, and have already put twenty million dollars worth of this new American product on the market. Why, just think of it! We can manufacture fish and sell them to Canadians cheaper than they can furnish bait alone, to say nothing of dressed fish. Their occupation will be gone; the bottom will be knocked out of it, and there will be nothing left to fight about. We can supply the whole world with fish at less than half the cost of catching them in their own waters.

Then there is a humanity about it. At present fishing means a cruel and unmitigated death by the slow torture of asphyxiation to millions of innocent and unoffending creatures. All this inhuman barbarism, against which the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Insects has been struggling for years, will be a thing of the past, and the fish and worms will both live to thank the benefactors of their races for this magnificent interposition of science in their behalf.”

“Of what are your fish made?”

“That depends on the kind of fish wanted. The secret of their manufacture is at present carefully guarded; but I may say that macaroni and wood-pulp are the bases of the flesh—the former furnishing the nutrient, and the latter the necessary fibre; and celluloid is utilized for the manufacture of the bones. Of course, there are other things used to give flavor—such as bologna sausage for smoked herring and mackerel, etc., etc.; but these are kept secret at present, for obvious reasons.

“The delicacy, flavor and succulence of the natural product depend wholly on the blandishments of the fish, while in the manufactured article they depend on the ingredients used; and, as these are always of uniformly the best quality, the result is a perfectly even grade of A1 fish of all sorts and kinds.

“This new mode of pisciculture will prove a benefaction to the human race in many ways. Under its benevolent operation, the mischievous boy who plays truant to ply the rod and line will find it easier and cheaper to buy his fish ready made, and thus this inducement to neglect his early education will be taken away. The busy merchant, who seeks relaxation in the shadowy gloom and seclusion of the North Woods, with baited hook, need only adorn himself with the outward semblance of sporting habiliments, come slyly around to our factory, buy his catch already manufactured, and leave the rest to imagination; and the thousands of Sabbath-breakers, who steal away from church to impale the innocent and withering worm, and catch the unoffending fish under the guise of visiting a sick friend, will find that artful ruse avail them no longer.

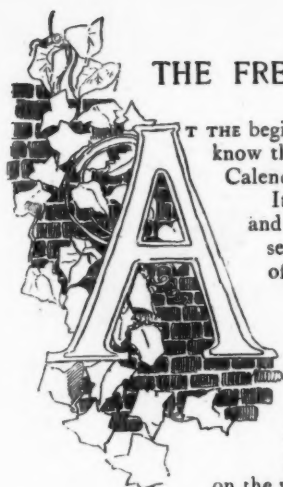
“You must excuse my enthusiasm on this subject; but when I contemplate the ramifications of its benefactions, I am simply amazed. I would say to the guileless and confiding public, that if any one wants territory to manufacture and sell this superior brand of fish in any part of the United States, Africa, Asia, Japan, Europe, Ireland, or other parts of Canada and America, they may address me, care of J. H. Puck, Esq., Puck Office, upstairs, N. Y., and I will be glad to supply them with all they want, at the low rate of one dollar per square mile, cash in advance.”

Yours piscatorially,

Ephraim Muggins.

FOR DELICIOUS titillating anticipation, ending in blank, empty nothingness, an unsuccessful proposal of marriage may best be compared with one of those sneezes that don’t come off.

THE FREQUENT CALENDAR.



AT THE beginning of the glad New Year, it is cheering to know that there is nothing sure but death, taxes and Calendars.

It is now estimated that each man, woman, and child is entitled, on an average, to twenty-seven Calendars, assorted, as soon as the first of January shows up, or before.

These tokens of friendly interest are issued with the best of intentions, and serve many useful purposes.

Among other things, they are the rag-man's hope, the printer's joy, the dude's pectoral protector, the widow's kindlings, and the scrap-book's wealth. They also serve to conceal grease spots and stove-pipe holes on the walls of the laborer's humble cot.

The Calendar is indeed a blessing and a help in many ways other than those which I have enumerated; but the public mind has conceived some erroneous ideas concerning it, which should be corrected.

In the first place, the "new leaf" which is turned over every January 1st, is not the Calendar leaf. A careful memorizing of this fact will save many discouraging and painful mistakes.

The Calendar comes to our yearning hearts as a successor to the patent medicine almanac and household guide, and supplants it in the waste-baskets and rat-holes of numerous influential establishments; its destructive effect, however, upon rodents is not so marked, on account of the absence of pre-historic puns, cooking receipts in which the eggs are petrified with age and horror, and other dyspeptic features.

Contemplated from this standpoint, the Calendar seems to have something lacking in its general utility features, and will probably never be more than a close second to the annual prospectuses of "Gripe's Golden Glory Globules," "Dr. Purge's Pleasant Paralyzer," and "Aunt Huldah's Hustler of Hereditary Humors."

Too great a trust in the frequent Calendar can not, therefore, be advised; in fact, there are hidden dangers connected with it for the too confiding.

I once knew of a man who received a large number of these tokens of benevolence on the first day of the glad New Year, and among them were eighteen from fire, and twelve from life insurance companies. Feeling naturally under obligations to the senders, he resolved to insure himself and his heirs against loss, forthwith; but in the fearful struggle with the tables of statistics printed upon the backs of these thirty beneficent emanations, his reason was dethroned, and he went and joined the "Knights of the Golden Hen-coop," the "Grand Ancient and United Order of



DUBIOUS.

MISS CHARITY BALL.—How is it, Cap'n, you missed the chance of Veloutine Fay? You see she is sitting there disengaged.

CAPTAIN FOXPAW (of the Guards).—Ah, really—you know, she's such a ripper at dancing, and I'm such a duffer, I had n't the cheek to ask her.

Assessment Worriers," the "Sons of Guns," and two more organizations, whose names are too long for the pace of this article.

The initiation ceremonies of these institutions completed the ruin of what was once a humane and innocent man and brother.

I have also known the sight of a Calendar to start the cold perspiration on the persons of those who have had certain dealings with banks, and whose names have been placed upon sundry scraps of guileless and unassuming paper. This appears to be a strong argument against the practice of leaving Calendars exposed to view in business hours.

Calendars are all right in their place. They make first-rate fun for the children, who like to cut them up and paste them into things; and as a mediator between the dripping pan and a hot oven bottom, I have seen Calendars that could not be beaten by anything out; while those with detachable leaves furnish very fair shaving paper.

I hope, on the whole, that the use of Calendars will be encouraged.

Walter Carr.



MIXING HIS HISTORY.

PRIVATE TUTOR (to little Johnny Green).—Now close your book and tell me the name of the river that Washington crossed under circumstances of peculiar difficulty!

JOHNNY.—Why—oh, yes; the Styx!

HE WANTED A LOAD.

Little Joe Clarke was taken sick for the first time, and the doctor, with much ceremony made him swallow a powder.

"Papa," said Joe, a minute later: "ain't it time I was taking the shot, now?"

HONORS WERE EVEN.

CARPING YANKEE CRITIC.—Your German language is so devilish long-winded, you know. Now, here's a word I've just struck, "Schwanen-fluegel." It twists me all up.

QUIET AND CONTEMPLATIVE GERMAN LISTENER.—Yaas. I vos affecgdged der same vay ven I read der *Soon* dis mornin', unt game across "Gubernatorially."

WHY MONEY IS TIGHT.

BANKER.—What's the matter, Pat?

PATRICK.—Sure there's three moor ov thim hathen Chinymin started a laundry right ferninst the other two. Bad luck to 'em; they'll ruin this foine country!

BANKER.—In what way?

PATRICK.—Takin' the money out ov it. Sure they ivery mother's son ov 'em goes home to Chiny as soon as they've got a few dollars ahead, an' they takes the cash wid 'em. It's no wonder money is tight, sor. Is the bank open yit, sor?

BANKER.—Yes, Patrick; we are ready for business. What do you wish?

PATRICK.—Oi've saved up some more money, an' Oi want yez to send it to ould Oirland fer the skirmishin' fund.

"SPEAKING PIECES" AT OUR VILLAGE SCHOOL.

Rienzi's Address to the Romans, by the Prize Pupil.

"I come not here to talk — you know too well
The story of our thralldom; we are slaves!"



"The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves;



"He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave."

A FRIGID FACT.

"I see by the papers that there is a great deal of gambling on ocean steamers," remarked Mrs. Buggs.

"Yes," replied her husband: "and there is more of it in winter than summer."

"That seems queer. There is n't so much passenger traffic then."

"No; but there are more cold decks."

PILLOW SHAMS are going out of fashion; but other shams still hold their own.

KANSAS CITY is booming so, that "Great Guns" threatens to supersede every other form of oath.

AN ARTICLE in the *Sun* is headed: "The Big Manhattan Tank." It is doubtful which politician is meant.

PROF. PETERS, of Hamilton College, has located forty-four asteroids. He is waiting for them to cool off before he picks them up.

GLADSTONE NOW ASKS seventy-five cents apiece for chips. The old man has been playing a winning game lately.

WHEN YOU are told that pie between meals spoils your dinner, just state to your informant that if pie spoils your dinner at all, it spoils it right at the dinner table.

NOTHING WILL TURN a woman's head so completely as a bonnet that has passed by.

STOPPED FOR REPAIRS.

FIRST BREAD-OR-BLOOD PATRIOT.—We'll be late to the starvation mass meeting if we don't hurry.

SECOND BREAD-OR-BLOOD PATRIOT.—Can't help it; I must stop at a drug store. I've run out of medicine.

FIRST BREAD-OR-BLOOD PATRIOT.—What sort of medicine are you taking?

SECOND BREAD-OR-BLOOD PATRIOT.—Anti-fat.



"Not such, as swept along by the full tide of
power,
The conqueror led to crimson glory and undying
fame,



"But base, ignoble slaves, slaves to a horde of
petty tyrants,
Feudal despots, lords



"Rich in some dozen paltry villages,
Strong in some hundred spearmen, only great,
In that strange spell, a name!" (etc., etc.)

"Well, yes; it was a sort of a scoop. But we're ready for 'em — oh, we're ready for 'em! None of your poetry business, neither. Seen that play, 'The Rivals,' that Joe Jefferson's doing? Good stuff, eh? Well, the next play that man brings out, we're going to have it here on six wires, same day it's done in London. I'm writing him, now!"

VERY TIRESOME.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Hardup: "I'm all worn out. Have n't had a square night's rest in two weeks."

"What's the matter? Aren't you well?"

"Oh, yes, I'm well enough; but this skating into the house after the landlady's gone to bed, and skating down and out before she's up in the morning, is terribly wearing on a man. I can't stand it much longer. I guess I'll have to move!"

THE FASHIONABLE WAIST this season measures fifteen inches. That's about all the dude has energy to clasp.

A REPORT OF A recent picture auction says: "A Jockey" was knocked down for \$400. It would have been a happy hit if it had been "A Pugilist."

"AS A POLITICIAN and an orator, Mr. Evarts is behind the age," asserted the Anarchist at our fifty-cent table-d'hôte last evening: "he does not belong to the period."

"No," said the Casual Stranger: "he is the slave of the comma and semicolon."

IS N'T IT CURIOUS how much oftener rent days come around than pay days?

IT IS pretty cold out in St. Paul. A resident going to the door early one morning in December, found his thermometer wrapped up in the door-mat, drinking its own spirits-of-wine to keep up its circulation.

IN THE "WORLD" OFFICE.

"The *Times* people rather got ahead of you on that Swinburne cable, did n't they?"

FALSE FACES.



ALL THE false faces in this world do not come from the costumer, and are not made of pasteboard, illuminated with painted smiles.

Some people claim to be able to read character as well by the face as by actions. I once knew a man who claimed to be able to tell a man's business by his general appearance. One day, making this fact known in a restaurant, a man whom he had never seen before was pointed out, and he was asked to mention his walk in life.

He looked at him for a moment, and said:

"He is either a music dealer or a fourth-rate lawyer."

The latter was correct.

I have a man who removes my ashes from the cellar several times a week. He is short and thick set, with long, white curly hair growing in front of his ears, and a broad, beaming, good-natured, clean-shaven face.

When I first saw him, I sat down and tried to remember where I had seen him before. The face was perfectly familiar, and the more I tried to place it, the more I was puzzled.

One day, when I was not thinking about him at all, the whole mystery was made perfectly clear. I had never before seen him; but he looked the image of Dr. Johnson, of lexicon fame.

Since that time he is known to us only as "Dr. Johnson," not so much on account of his resemblance, as from the fact that in receipting his bill he wrote "reseeded pament."

If "Dr. Johnson" were a man of education and political ambition, his face would put him right into the Senate. What a misplaced face for an ash-remover, I often think! He always seems a misfit being—an uneducated creature with a Massachusetts Adams cast of countenance.

And not very far from where I live there is a man whom you can not look upon without a shudder. He has a sinister black face that would forever keep you from inviting him over your threshold. And if he ever did call without an invitation, you would excuse yourself for a moment to look at the furnace, that you might go to the sideboard and pocket your spoons for safety. This man is a missionary, who is noted for his charity and general goodness. If he had the face of "Dr. Johnson," his smile would be regarded as a panacea for every ill. And if "Dr. Johnson" had the missionary's face, he would not be allowed to enter any man's cellar for the ashes, for fear he might get excited and carry off the furnace.

Every one knows that the meek, pensive face of the average itinerant poker sharp would be the success of any evangelist, and that many a man of refinement and education has a face like a rough-and-tumble fighter.

And so it is with animals. I happen to own a cock-eyed dog that has a wicked leer which discloses two rows of crooked teeth and an expanse of flaming mouth which has caused several agents to conclude, without asking, that we did n't want to make any purchases.

I have seen this dog make tramps fly so fast that they did n't stop to open the gate with their hands, but forced it open with their bodies as they ran through.

Yet this stocky, brindled, bow-legged, fierce-looking dog is the biggest coward I ever saw. I have seen cats etch him tight to the eyes; and once when he ran a rooster down, and the rooster dropped from sheer exhaustion, the dog fancied he was showing fight, and turned and ran for his life. He looks like a professional fighting dog, but he is the gentlest of quadrupeds.

The horse that looks as de-



IRISH BLARNEY.

MILESIAN OUTCAST.—A Happy New Year to yer worship!

MR. BROWNE STONE.—Oh, bother; New Year's has passed!

MILESIAN OUTCAST.—Thruce, sur; but not the opportunity to help wan who had the misfortune of not meeting ye sooner!

mure and innocent as a nun is generally the one that will throw you off and roll on you when he gets a good chance.

The elephant, with a face which is a mass of smiling sunshine, will pick you up by the waist and drive gate posts deep into the ground with you.

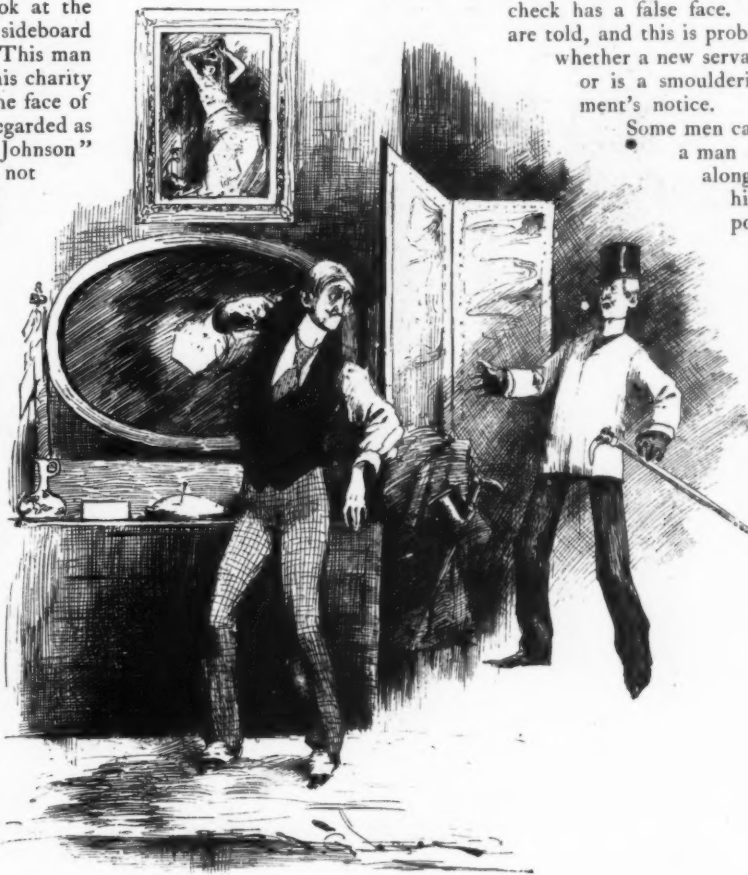
Even the face of a check can not always be relied upon, for many a check has a false face. Appearances are often deceitful, we are told, and this is probably the reason that you can not tell whether a new servant girl is full of sweet good nature, or is a smouldering volcano ready to burst at a moment's notice.

Some men can travel on their face. I once saw a man travel about three yards on his face along a platform. Sullivan had just hit him. If he had had his face oiled and polished later on, he would have had a beautiful Georgia pine countenance.

There's a face at the window—it is a woman's face, but the window is a shop window filled with millinery goods, and her nose is flattened against the glass until it looks like a pair of opera glasses, or an antique coin.

But there is one face that is honest and true, and just what you take it for; and that is a face card, of which we can say that one in a poker hand is worth two in the pack.

R. K. M.



BETTER DEATH THAN BAD FORM.

MR. ROCKAWAY BEACH.—Gweat heavens, Hoffman! What are you gawing to do?

MR. HOFFMAN HOUSE.—It's all ovah, deah boy. Berry Wall awsked me to lunch to-day, and I cawn't find out whether he's to wear his pearl pin on the right or left side of his cwavat. Good-bye!

SOME ENGLISH PEOPLE don't like it because the Prince of Wales has made a friend of John L. Sullivan. But the Prince may console himself with the reflection that he is a great deal better off than he would have been if he had made an enemy of the gentle John.

IF THE ice-crop and the peach-crop could only swap places in the year, they would stand some chance of becoming successes now and then.



THE WASHINGTON LOBBY OF THE PAST.

RISE IN THE VALUE OF TH



THE WASHINGTON LOBBY OF THE PRESENT.

J. Ottmann, Lith. Puck, N. Y.

E OF THE HAYSEED LEGISLATOR.



SENATOR BLAIR'S NEXT SPEECH.

Overheard by W. A. Croffut,
During Rehearsal.

I.

DEAR UNCLE SAM,
Your friend I am;
Oh, let me take the Treasury Key,
And hand your bag of gold to me!
From Yankeedom to Mexic main
I'll strew the dollars o'er the plain,
And then I'll fill it up again
By taxing every coat and gown,
Nor of the tariff tire—
And so I'll cut the Surplus down
And make the Taxes higher!

II.

Come, vote with me!
(Says Blair, says he,)
The people are too foolish grown
For us to trust them with their own;
They do not know enough to spend
Their savings to a useful end—
And so we Rulers condescend
To help disburse, with many a frown,
The cash that they acquire.
Hurrah! We'll cut the Surplus down
And make the Taxes higher!

III.

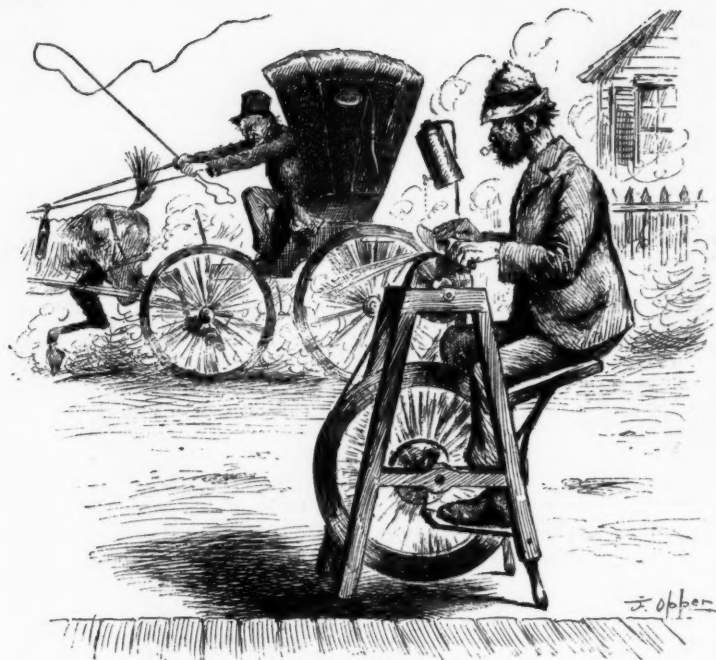
Confide in me,
(Says Blair, says he,)
The government is rich and strong,
And it must feed and clothe the throng;
A hundred millions every spring
I would collect, and broadcast fling,
The precious metal scattering
To every State and every town
That subsidies require.
So would I cut the Surplus down,
And make the Taxes higher.

IV.

(Says Blair, says he,)
Collect the fee!
Extort it from the burdened farm—
The robbery will do no harm
To those already plundered; toss
The bonus to the factory boss,
(The factory's gain, the farmer's loss.)
So shall the Senate win renown
And stir the farmer's ire;
For I would cut the Surplus down
And raise the Taxes higher!

V.

The Nation should,
(Says Blair, the good,)
Build costly libraries for fools,
And for the lazy furnish schools,
And purchase shoes for all who lack,
And coats for every ragged back,
And house for every thriftless Jack.
Though Blackburn, Butler, Beck and Brown
Against the scheme conspire,
We thus will cut the Surplus down,
And vote the Taxes higher!



THE SPIRIT OF SPORT.

DEACON HAFGOOD.—I'm agin racin', an' old Moll's got a bone-spavin; but I'll be blast 'f I'm goin' ter let one er them air bicycles git by me!

HARLEM ON MURRAY HILL.



MR. JEROME PARKE.—See that wonderful Honduras beetle in Mrs. Goldust's hair. How becoming it is!

MISS CHARITY BALL.—Is n't it! And how fortunate Mr. Goldust is to have a wife who likes such things. He's in the curiosity department at Biffany's, you know, and is expected to exercise the live jewelry!

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION,

As *The Sun* WOULD LIKE TO HAVE IT CONDUCTED.

QUESTION.—What is twelve times twelve?—
ANSWER.—I have voted de Democratic ticket ever since 1862.

QUESTION.—What is the sum of 235, 489 and 11,273?—ANSWER.—Me ward is de sixt'.

QUESTION.—What is the product of 437 multiplied by 73?—ANSWER.—I have heeled for O'Gallagher, and he knows me every time.

QUESTION.—Have you ever read the Constitution of the United States?—ANSWER.—I can lick any man in my district.

QUESTION.—What are the duties of the office for which you apply?—ANSWER.—I have a pull wid de police.

QUESTION.—What experience have you had in performing such duties?—ANSWER.—I can set 'em up for de boys whenever de bell rings.

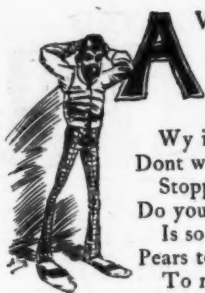
QUESTION.—What references can you give as to your moral character and general ability?—
ANSWER.—Turn de rascals out!

WHERE HE KEPT HIS VALUABLES.

DRIVER (to MERCHANT).—Where 'll ye have this load er coal put?

MERCHANT.—In the front office. You will find the safe door open.

THE FIRST PART of "An Old, Old Story," a tale in two parts, by H. C. Bunner, will appear in Puck for January 11th.



VOICE FROM ABOVE HIGH BRIDGE.

TELL ME, Mister Phelps
or Elkins,

Wy in these momechus times
Dont we summin back the cheeftin,
Stoppin off in alyun climes?
Do you think the sitoashun
Is so promisin an brite?
Pears to me we need a Master
To manipelrate this fite.

Here's our leadurs hollrin one day
Thet the Tariff's the key-note;
But the nex day it is Temprunce—
Then, "Dont rile our lickur vote!"
Now that isent reasshurin,
It's just driftin long the tide
With no hand to cast a anchor
Sose to hit the windard side.

I kno Blaine's bin teligrafin
Orders from the furrin shore,
But, bless ye, gents! it aint a cabul
Can convey his lion roar!
Thet's the scuse Ime offrin strangers,
But in my way-inward brane
I beleve that air fool messig
Never cum from Jaymes G. Blaine!

Does a master of fine ritin
Lose the cunnin of his han,
Just becos hese got a subjec
Wich he doesent understan?
Wal, I can't beleve our statesman
Wud make sech a *opin* slump,
Cos he happend tu be barkin'
Up the ekernommic stump.

Sure, he'd never trust his fortunes
To Protecshun's savin grace,
If he knew our Western brethrin
Spurn thet Gospil to our face.
Then the *Tariff* ain't our issue—
We'd cum out without a rag—
Fer we can't yell "Keep the sirplus!"
An "Free Rum's" a losin' flag.

Our plan's to *divurt* the confic—
Just to boldly sally in,
An to fite till folks' minds wander
From the combat's origin.
Thet's the only sort of program
Which to-day is wuth our while;
Our campane must be offensiv,
Sose t' include the rank an vile.

Thar's the rem'dy fer our troubles,
An the only vitle thing
Is to have the absent champeen
To rejine us in the ring.
Wy, if once the peepul sees him,
With his plooms an gleamin lance,
Jest the site will drive 'em crazy,
So they *cant* think bout finance.

THE NEW YEAR is born with a
Call.

WE CONGRATULATE America's
femaldest poet. It must be a
beautiful sight to see Ella Wheeler
Wilcox—a little one—in a baby-
carriage.

THE WHANGDOODLE mourning for
her young is a quiet, resigned,
reticent bird alongside of a two-
cent daily howling over a lost cir-
culation.

THE GREEN postage-stamp may
not be pretty; but it gets
there just the same.

A HORRID GRIND—The business the dentist
does with that thing that goes b-r-r-r-r-r-r-
—been there, eh? Wah, wah, wah, wah wah!

IN A BAD BOX—The man who tries to whip John
L. Sullivan.

A MERE SHADOW—The Detective.

BETTER THAN EVER—PICKINGS FROM PUCK.

IN A NUT-SHELL—The Worm.

CAPITAL LETTERS—Letters of Credit.

UNEARNED INCREMENT—The Difference be-
tween the Cost and the Price of a Church-
Fair Penwiper.

A DEAD MARCH—Boulanger's.

A POSTAL NOTE—The Carrier's Whistle.

SMALL TALK—Infant Prattle.

A BEAKER—The Stork.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER—The Washerwoman.

A DEAD-AND-ALIVE PLACE—Tombstone, Arizona.

A DROP TOO MUCH—The One on the Scaffold.

THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE—The Husband's Coat-
pocket.

AN IRISH LEADER—Pat Gilmore.

FULL OF ORDERS—Any Nobleman.

WIPED OUT—The Defunct Scrub-woman.

NEATLY TURNED—Last Year's Dress.

BY WAY OF VARIETY.

In a country grocery store
Found I this address appealing:

DO NOT SPIT UPON THE FLOOR!

What's the matter with the ceiling?



AN ORANGE, N. J., EPISODE.

LITTLE BOLIVAR TIDDER KEALL.—What you a-doing,
Gran'pop?

GRANDPA.—They say tobogganing's going to be very
popular this winter, and I don't want to seem green when
I get on the slide!

WOMAN SUCCEEDS.

One of the Successful Ones Tells How It
is Done.

No proper estimate of the future economical progress
of the country can be made, that does not take into con-
sideration an element which may be termed "the woman
in business."

She is knocking at all the doors of commercial enter-
prise, and there are very few into which she has not al-
ready forced an entrance. The results seem to indicate
that, beyond a doubt, she has come to stay.

She can not perhaps often reach the levers which move
the great driving wheels of business, but she proves a
most important factor in the minor but scarcely less im-
portant machinery of detail.

Phil Armour's private secretary is a young lady who
was first employed as a stenographer and type-writer.
She proved so capable and efficient that her sphere of
usefulness has been gradually enlarged, until she now
has probably a closer acquaintance with Armour's ex-
tended business than any other person connected with it.

It used to be claimed that woman had neither physical
nor mental stamina to conduct a large business.

Mrs. Frank Leslie has made a success of as compli-
cated a business enterprise as almost any in the country.
The strong point in this case is that when she took the
helm, the Frank Leslie Publishing Company had but a
short time previously failed.

Madam Demore.t conducts a very extensive business,
which includes the publishing of a magazine. Mrs. An-
nie Jenness Miller conducts a famous dress reform move-
ment, and is also the editress of a very successful maga-
zine called "Dress." Her daily mail is said to be larger
than that of any other woman in the United States.

Mrs. Miller says: "Warner's safe cure is the only medi-
cine I ever take or recommend. The safe cure has the
effect to give new energy and vitality to all my powers."

These women have demonstrated that the sex can suc-
ceed in business if they take proper care of their health.
That is the main point, even with the sterner sex, and it
is the subject to which, above all others, the women of
to-day should give their attention. And here, as every-
where, comes in play the old maxim: "An ounce of pre-
vention is worth a pound of cure."

The name of "BOHRER & CO." upon a Piano is a guarantee
of its excellence.

COAL AND COKE.

Another Splendid Christmas and New Year's Annual for 1888.
The latest and best of the Rock Island Series.

Thousands who have perused with delighted interest
the pages of "Watt Stephens, the Genius of Steam" (1885),
"Voltagal, the Genius of Electricity" (1886),
and "Petroleum and Natural Gas" (1887), will be
pleased to know that the CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND &
PACIFIC RAILWAY will issue another magnificent souvenir
for the Christmas and New Year season of 1888, which
surpasses in many respects, anything of the kind hereto-
fore published. "Coal and Coke" is the title of the work,
and the subject has been exhaustively treated. It is writ-
ten in a captivating colloquial style, embodying a vast
amount of information in regard to coal strata; their re-
lative position in the earth's crust; where deposits occur
—their nature and extent; the different processes of un-
derground mining; how coal is converted into coke, and
some of its varied and multiple uses.

The book is profusely illustrated from original sketches.
Although the expense has been very great, the ROCK
ISLAND has concluded to supply "Coal and Coke" at
the nominal rate of ten cents (for postage) per copy. En-
close your address plainly written (also ten cents in
stamps) to E. A. Holbrook, General Ticket and Passen-
ger Agent at Chicago, Ill., and mention this paper, and
a copy of "Coal and Coke" will be mailed to you, pre-
paid, to any part of the world.

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19

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NEVER, until one has got in the habit of reading the funny illustrated papers, does he have any idea of the number of smart little boys in the world. And, too, they are nearly always giving their big sisters away before young gentlemen who have called at the house. — *Peck's Sun*.

LONDON has what it calls a "municipal scandal." A member of one of the boards has been getting free tickets to a theatre. — *Omaha World*.

We give to every purchaser the privilege of RETURNING THE MACHINE within thirty days if not ABSOLUTELY SATISFACTORY in every respect.



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and OVERCOATINGS.

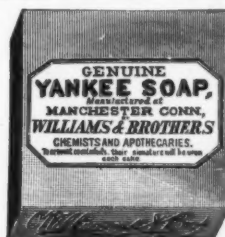
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15 C. Insures you over 100 shaves—and the enjoyment of a degree of ease and comfort that CANNOT be experienced without the use of the celebrated Genuine
YANKEE SHAVING SOAP.

Rich—Permanent—Healing—Very beneficial to delicate-sensitive faces. Ask your Druggist for it—or send price in Stamps, and receive it by mail—post-paid.

Address **THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,**
For HALF A CENTURY Genuine Yankee Soap has been—unequalled—endorsed by Eminent Physicians—used—enjoyed and recommended by many noted men—Standard for quality in U. S. Navy.
Glastonbury, Conn.

Mention this paper, and we will
Men of all stations, you should know
The price of **Pants** is very low.
Only three dollars for Custom-made Pants,
Fit for the work-shop, church or dance.
THE BAY STATE PANTS CO.
Vests, \$2.25, Coats, \$8.00.
By reason of late purchases of large lots of Woolen Cloths, we can surprise you by the superior quality of Woolen Goods in our \$3 Pants. Reference, Amer. Express Company.
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Used the same as an ordinary pillow, and only at night. No pipes or tubes. Perfectly safe to the most delicate. The medicine is breathed in, not swallowed, and goes right to the diseased parts of the air-passages, from the nostrils to the bottom of the lungs. From the very first night the passages are clearer and the inflammation is less. The cure is sure, and reasonably rapid.
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FERD. HIRSCH,

Sole Representative for the United States,
2 BURLING SLIP, NEW YORK.**SOME OPINIONS.**

The man who used to walk the floor with his baby says God Bless Scotch Oats Essence.



The undertaker is now fitting up his coffins for row-boats. Says 'Curse Scotch Oats Essence. It's ruined my Trade.'



The grave digger, whose spade and pick are rusty and pockets empty, says 'It's Scotch Oats Essence I'll boycott.'



The great Brain Specialists say: 'Good bye to \$100 fees, since Scotch Oats is discovered.'



The man who made a fortune in crutches is now making them into saw-bucks, all from Scotch Oats Essence.



The hearse driver has quit business and is now trucking Scotch Oats Essence instead.



The price of crepe and crutches has fallen 75 per cent. and the mortuary merchant says 'Confound Scotch Oats Essence.'



The minister says 'It used to be six deaths to one marriage, and now it's just the other way since Scotch Oats Essence came.'



But there are exceptions to everything. The above gentlemen are (1) an undertaker whose wife was stricken with paralysis; (2) a grave digger who had Sciatic Rheumatism; (3) a Brain and Nerve Doctor who couldn't cure his own child of Lock-jaw and Convulsions; (4) a Crutch maker who had Nervous Dyspepsia; (5) a Hearse driver who had Chronic Neuralgia; (6) a merchant who had Diabetes; (7) a minister who couldn't preach because his vocal cords were paralyzed.

They all had to use Scotch Oats Essence to get a cure, and now they join hands and sing 'Behold the Conquering Hero Comes.'

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A SEASONABLE TOPIC.—In our grandfathers' days they marked the flight of time by the 'Old Farmer's Almanac.' Now, the omnipresent *Calendar* is a perpetual reminder of the fleeting seasons. The days in a year do not outnumber the sizes, shapes and styles in which it appears; and alike in the merchant's counting room, or lady's boudoir, it seems to have become one of the necessities of the utilitarian age in which we live. The artist's talent, the engraver's cunning, and the printer's skill, combine in this connection to blend the ornamental with the useful; and the result is calendars of every degree of excellence, good, better and best. The latter includes the one issued by N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia, which will be forwarded to any address, securely enclosed, on receipt of 25 cents.

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ONLY WHEN THE LIPS DISPLAY PRETTY TEETH.

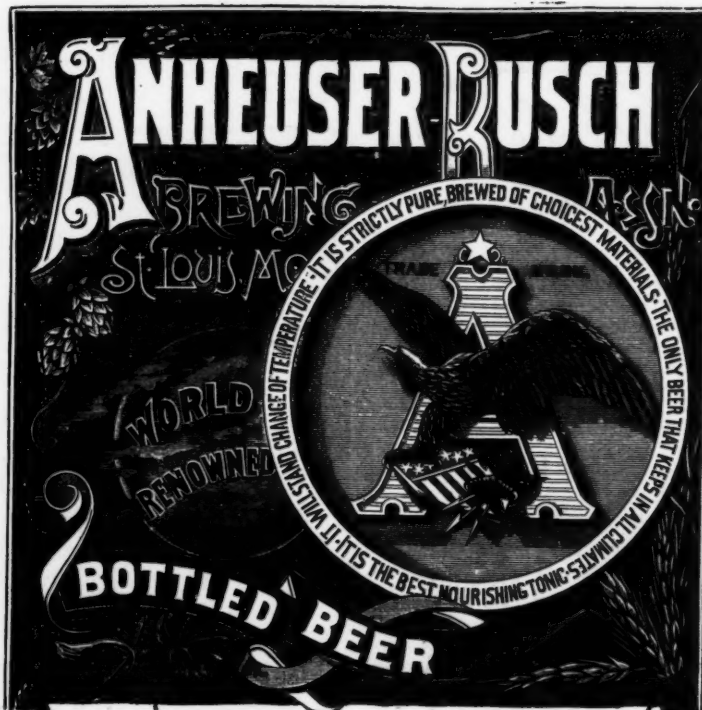
The shells of the ocean yield no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with that incomparable Dentifrice, Fragrant

SOZODONT.

Which hardens and invigorates the GUMS, purifies and perfumes the BREATH, beautifies and preserves the TEETH, from youth to old age.

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for every form of
Skin and Blood
Disease
from
PIMPLES to SCROFULA.

SKIN TORTURES OF A LIFETIME INSTANTLY RELIEVED by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a real Skin Beautifier, and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unobstructed, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure

Eczema, tetter, ringworm, psoriasis, itches, pruritus, scall head, dandruff, and every species of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin and scalp, with loss of hair, when physicians and all known remedies fail.

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Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

PIMPLES, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

There is a Medicine

That will cure
Coughs, Asthma,
Bronchitis, and
Consumption. It
has been used
for years, constantly increasing in popularity, being very pleasant to the taste, and having no disagreeable effects.

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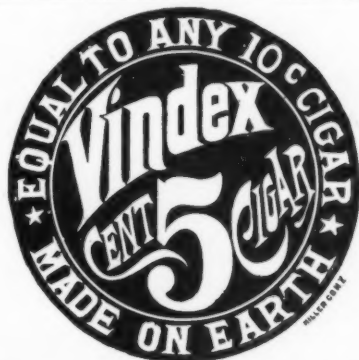
ANGLER.—No; you can not catch electric eels with a lightning rod.—*Boston Com. Bulletin*.

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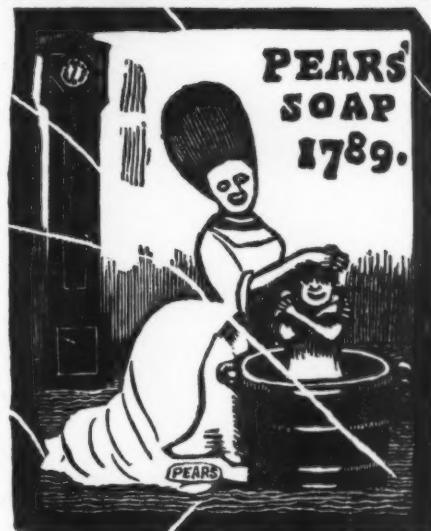
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FROM THE HOME OF THE FAMOUS

TOKAY WINES.

What the Hungarian Trade Papers Say About Them.

Report of ARMIN VARNAI to the President of the "Tokcsva Association for Grape Culture and Wine Production." (Copied from the number of November 25th, 1886, of the *Magyar Kereskedelmi Lapja*, or the "Organ of the Hungarian Merchants.")

"... We have to make mention of one laudable exception among the purchasers of genuine Tokay Wines, and this is the firm of A. HELLER & CO., in Budapest and New York. The aforementioned world-renowned house, as in former years, spares no efforts to secure the best and purest qualities right here in the valleys of the Tokay Mountains, regardless of the prices asked by the growers. The New York Branch of A. HELLER & CO. (A. Heller & Bro., 35 & 37 Broad Street, and 307 & 309 E. 54th Street), by the way, deserves great credit for having popularized on the other side of the Atlantic the judgment and acknowledgement for genuine Tokay Wines and Aszu, and at the same time opening a market for these articles in the New World."

ZEMPLÉN, the Official Gazette of the Local Government of the Province of Zemplén, speaks on the same subject as follows:

"... The judgment for genuine Tokay Wines is in America more general than in the capital of Hungary. During a period of ten years not nearly as great a quantity of that noblest of wines has been shipped to Budapest, as the New York Branch of A. HELLER & CO. has imported yearly, and, what is more, they were exclusively of prime quality and mellow old age."

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A POLITICAL MOTHER-GOOSE MELODY.

Pussy 's in the Well! Who Put Her In? — We Regret to Say: 'T was the Naughty Republi-kin.
Who 'll Come Forward and Take Out the Cat? — "Why, I Will, with Pleasure," Says the Good Democrat.